

EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VII. [III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, MARCH 12, 1831.

NO. 21.

POPULAR TALES.

THE TWO SISTERS,

A Sketch.

BY KOTZEBUE.

In a large city in Germany, dwelt two sisters Jeannette and Pauline. Jeannette had the good fortune to be very handsome, and the bad fortune to find it out very soon. She soon accustomed herself to look in a glass—that was natural; she soon took pains in dressing and that was pardonable; she endeavored to acquire accomplishments—that was prudent; but she thought nothing *more* was necessary—that was foolish. True, she played well upon the harpsichord, and sung bravura airs with taste; she drew landscapes after Hackert and embroidered flowers from nature.—But she only played the harpsichord in great companies, and only sung airs at concerts; she only drew landscapes for exhibition and embroidered flowers for sofas and screens. At home, time passed tediously, although her old weak mother was continually praising her beauty. This old truth could only give pleasure by coming from new lips; hence Jeannette was continually seeking new society. Ladies always practise a certain *economy* in the praise of other ladies; but gentlemen, on the contrary, are generally very lavish of praise; and therefore Jeannette was fond of the society of gentlemen.

Her sister Pauline would probably have thought and acted in the same manner; but no one praised the poor girl; simply because no one noticed her, for the small pox had rendered her appearance homely. She was also far behind her sister in showy accomplishments. She played the guitar and sung agreeably, but merely simple little songs. She was not behind Jeannette in the art of drawing; but except a few landscapes which hung in her mother's chamber, which no one but her mother saw, no one knew of her talent; for the homely Pauline was as diffident as the fascinating Jeannette was unembarrassed; and it only required a second look from any one to

cause her to blush deeply. Fortunately this did not often happen, for no one looked at her twice. She embroidered as well as her sister, but only on work bags for aunts and grandmothers.—She appeared best at home—in company the consciousness of homeliness gave her an air of constraint; but at home affairs could not go on without her.

When the girls grew up, their mother thought proper that they should take charge of the house each one by turns, week about. Pauline soon became accustomed to it, and in her week all things went on right. When Jeannette's turn came, she hurried about busily the whole forenoon, but when noon came the dinner was spoiled. She grieved also at the time she lost from her singing and harpsichord, and at the little time which was left her to arrange her head dress for her evening parties. The good-hearted Pauline frequently took her task off her hands, until finally the practice was neglected of relieving each other weekly, and Jeannette troubled herself no more about domestic affairs.—The weak mother did not interfere, for she could not be displeased with the lovely face, which pleased every body. There could be no large party unless Jeannette Western graced it; her name served the poets for a subject and was the universal toast. Few only knew that she had a sister.

Two young officers, Edward and Maurice, saw Jeannette and both became extremely enamored. Both were of good family, brave, noblemen and both very rich. Jeannette was delightful with her conquests, and her mother, who was in moderate circumstances, indulged herself in sweet dreams of the future. ‘If both should be in earnest,’ said she to her daughter, ‘which will you prefer?’ ‘I don’t know myself;’ answered Jeannette, ‘they both please me but I shall like the richest one the best. Then I would take care of you mother, in your old age, and I would have my sister to manage my house for me.’ The doating parent wept for joy at the filial sentiments of her daughter, and Pauline was grateful for such a mark of sisterly affection. In the mean time

both of the young men wooed earnestly for the beauty's favor, and both were equally kind to the homely Pauline, because she gave them the pleasure of being alone with her sister. Jeannette was really in embarrassment, which of her adorers to prefer. Edward gave a ball, at which she was queen, and she thought on that evening she was in a fair way to love Edward.—Maurice gave a sleigh-ride, and she flew along the street in a splendid equipage, and on that day she thought Maurice more amiable than his rival. So she delayed her decision from one day to another, attributing her hesitation to her heart.

'If I were in your place,' said Pauline one day, 'I should take Edward.'

'Why?—Maurice is as rich, and you will acknowledge he is handsomer.'

'He is generous too,' said the mother.

'But he is fickle,' replied Pauline.—'Our aunt has told me a good many things about him.'

'Our aunt,' answered Jeannette snappishly, 'is an old aunt.'

'Edward, on the other hand,' continued Pauline, 'is more steady; and I think I have often remarked, that he feels more deeply and more sincerely than Maurice.'

'Pshaw!' said Jeannette, tossing her head while she stuck a flower in her hair before the glass, 'They both feel so deeply that I hardly know how to manage them.' Meanwhile, what harm will there be in delaying my choice awhile? Their rivalry makes my time pass very pleasantly, and finally accident will decide.' Pauline was silent. Both suitors continued their attentions, without remission.

One day as Edward entered the room, he found Pauline in tears and Jeannette laughing loudly. He asked modestly the cause of the tears and the laughter. 'I am a child,' said Pauline blushing, and left the chamber. 'A child indeed,' said Jeannette laughing after her; 'You would never guess what she was crying for.'

'If it is not improper to ask—'

'Oh not at all. You have probably sometimes remarked the old blind dog that used to lie on the sofa? He was mine, and in his young days used to make a good deal of sport. This morning he broke a handsome dish. At first I fretted a little; at last I thought the old blind animal was good for nothing and only did mischief; so I sent him to a huntsman and had him shot.'

'And that was the cause of your sister's weeping?'

'That was it. One would think we were living in the times of Romance.'

Edward was silent and soon changed the conversation. But after that time he never overlooked Pauline as he had formerly done. He conversed sometimes with her, became acquainted with her unpretending worth, admired her modesty, and began to think her appearance less homely. Yet when the fascinating

Jeannette appeared, her charms made him forget Pauline.

Jeannette had prepared a splendid masquerade dress for the character of a Sultana, for the carnival which was approaching when her mother was taken sick. Pauline was to have accompanied her as her slave, and had prepared a becoming dress for the occasion. The day arrived: the illness of the mother had increased; the looks of the physician, although he said nothing, made Pauline determine not to go to the masquerade. Jeannette gave herself but little trouble to persuade her to go, and went without her.

'Where is your sister?' asked Edward.

'My mother is not well, and Pauline has remained at home for company.'—He was pleased at that; but he had little time to think of it, for Jeannette appeared more beautiful than ever, and neither he nor Maurice left her side. She enjoyed the triumph of being admired, in the highest degree. Whenever she danced, a crowd was formed around her; wherever she went, she heard the voice of flattery.

Towards midnight, just as she had promised to dance a quadrille with Edward, a domino came up and took off his mask; it was her mother's physician. 'Miss,' said he, 'I have just come from your house, and I dare not conceal from you that your mother is very ill.'

'Good heaven!' she exclaimed, terrified and perplexed, 'I must go this moment.'

'By all means,' said Edward, 'let us go.'

Just then the music commenced. Jeannette looked round embarrassed; Edward offered his services to look for her servant. She was just at the point of requesting him to do so, when one of the dancers in the set took her hand and commenced the figure. She obeyed mechanically, but said to a lady standing next to her, 'I cannot dance any longer; my mother's sick.'—'O, do not rob us of the ornament of our quadrille:' said a young rich Englishman,—'A few minutes can make no difference.' She looked at Edward as if she wished him to decide for her, but he was silent. It was now his turn to dance. The person next him jogged him—he cast an inquiring look at Jeannette; his neighbor reminded him again—Jeannette did not refuse, and so he danced the figure with her, and the quadrille was finished without any thing more being said. She would then have gone, but she was so heated that she would have taken cold, by going into the air. After walking up and down an adjoining room for some time, she went home, and Edward accompanied her. As they went up the steps they saw fire in the kitchen, where Pauline was at the fire place, preparing something for her mother. Her countenance, reddened by the glow of the fire, appeared handsome, this time, to Edward.

'It is well you have come,' said Pauline to her sister; 'Mother has been very sick, and I have frequently had to leave her alone.'

Edward felt himself in a singular frame of mind. On this very evening, Jeannette had dropped some hints, which gave him hopes of gaining the victory over his rival. His delight on that account, however, had been very much moderated since the last quadrille. A film fell from his eyes. He was able, for the first time, to look upon her beauty without a violent wish to possess her. He would probably have renounced her immediately, if vanity had not whispered that she loved him; that she would have immediately left the ball, if she had not been dancing with him, and that it was he who had made her forget her duty for a moment. His feelings could not withstand the flattering thought of being beloved by so beautiful a girl, and all that reason could win of him was a determination to put her supposed affection for him to the proof.

He waited until her mother recovered, and then went one day with an air of trouble in his countenance to Jeannette, and informed her that his estate in Suabia had been ravaged by the enemy, and that it would take at least a year's rent to put it in its former condition. 'But,' added he tenderly, 'if Jeannette only loves me, my income will be sufficient to protect us from want.' She was visibly shocked, and changed colour as he began his relation, and her endeavors to conceal her confusion did not escape him. An anxious pause ensued. She soon however recovered her composure, laid her hand upon his in a friendly way, and said 'my good friend I will not deceive you. I am a spoilt child, and cannot do without a great many things. We are neither of us romancers. We know that the hottest love will grow cold in a cottage. That I am well inclined towards you, I will not deny; but we must act reasonably—remain my friend.'

This declaration was a thrust in the heart to Edward; but it was a beneficial operation—the wound soon healed. He soon afterwards repeated the story in presence of Pauline. She did not look up from her embroidery, but he remarked that her eyes were moist. 'What gives me the most pain from this misfortune,' continued he, 'is the poverty of my mother—my good mother. If I should devote the whole of my income to her, it will not be sufficient to provide her the luxuries to which she has been accustomed, and you know that poverty always depends on the different wants of mankind.' Pauline raised her head and looked at him kindly. She said nothing, but her countenance spoke. The needle trembled in her hand. She bethought herself and continued her embroidery.—After a pause she asked, as if merely to renew the conversation, 'Where does your mother reside?' Edward answered at Stutgard, where, in reality, she was in the highest circle of society. Pauline then spoke of the pleasant situation and advantages of Stutgard, and nothing more was said of Edward's misfortune. For the purpose of confirming what he had said of his losses, he

limited his expenditures and sold his fine horses. He continued to visit the sisters, and the calmness of his feeling permitted him now to see a thousand little things, that had formerly escaped him—none of his observations were of a kind to rekindle his former love; on the other hand Pauline daily appeared more amiable to him, and her homeliness less striking. As he conversed more with her than Jeannette, she felt more confidence towards him, her bashfulness was conquered and she unfolded her heart. What conducted very much to this, was the modest supposition, that Edward could never have thought of a marriage with her; that removed her embarrassment, and she shewed her pure, unrestrained, sisterly affection.

Jeannette, on the other hand, did not receive much pleasure from his visits, which were especially disagreeable when Maurice was present. To him she now confined her coquetry, and soon drew the net so tightly over him, that he besought her pressingly every day, to make him the most enviable of mortals, at the altar.—She still took airs upon herself and teased him for a while, and at last jestingly gave her consent. The lover was delighted excessively, and the most exquisite preparations were commenced for the nuptials.

Meanwhile Edward remained very calm. He was no longer in love, but it appeared to him at times as if he loved Pauline.—His wish to see her, if he had not seen her for a day or two; the quickness with which time passed in her company; the unwillingness with which he separated from her—all these things often made him think 'what if I should offer Pauline my hand?' A surprising occurrence suddenly decided for him.

He received a letter from his mother, containing a bill of exchange upon Stutgard for one hundred dollars, signed by one of the principal bankers of the place in which Edward resided. 'I cannot comprehend,' she wrote in the letter, 'why it should have been sent to me. It was sent in an anonymous letter, in which I am besought, in a few lines, not to despise the gift of a good heart.'—A flame blazed in Edward's breast. He trembled, his eyes sparkled. He hurried to the Banker.—'Did you draw this bill of exchange?'—'Yes.' 'For whom?' 'I have been paid the value.' 'By whom?' 'I cannot say.' 'But the bill of exchange was sent to my mother.' 'I know nothing of that—it is no business of mine.' 'I beg you to tell me the person.' 'I cannot.' 'You will probably cause the happiness of my life.' The banker looked at him with surprise.—'Will you tell me the truth if I name the person?' 'Yes.' 'Miss Pauline Western.' 'You have guessed it.'

Edward hurried out. In two minutes he lay at Pauline's feet and asked her hand. She was confused—she could not answer, she sighed. He put his arm around her 'am I disagreeable to you?' She sunk upon his breast. 'Oh no, I have long loved you; but how could I hope?'

The first raptures of love flowed through two noble hearts. Pauline could not comprehend how Edward had taken such a sudden violent resolution. She often asked the reason—he smiled but did not answer.

Her nuptials with the poor Edward were fixed for the same day, on which Jeannette was to marry the rich Maurice. Pauline made dispositions for strict frugality in her future domestic affairs; her white, plain bridal dress contrasted powerfully with the silver lace of her sister. Edward pressed her to his heart and smiled. ‘To-morrow,’ said he, ‘I will inform my mother of the choice I have made, you must also add a letter.’ Pauline promised it, not without some embarrassment, and Edward smiled again. On the next day she handed him the letter, but shewed him at the same time her finger bound up, which had compelled her to get her sister to write the letter. Edward kissed the finger, cast a look of love upon her, and a tear stood in his sparkling eye. She blushed and thought something was not right; but he said ‘very well,’ and smiled.

The marriage day appeared. Edward came early in the morning and laid a valuable necklace in his bride’s lap. Pauline was astonished, but Jeannette was more so, for the necklace was more valuable than her own. ‘I have been practising usury,’ said Edward jestingly, ‘A little sum advanced by a noble lady, a friend of mine, has doubled itself a thousand fold.’—‘By a noble lady?’ said Pauline. ‘The necklace is very fine,’ continued Edward, ‘but what adorns it the most, and will make me the happiest of men, is concealed in this paper.’ She opened it confusedly. It was the wedding ring folded in the bill of exchange. Pauline recognized it at the first glance, and cast down her eyes blushing. Edward fell at her feet. She sunk down. ‘To deceive me so!’ whispered she.

When all was explained, Pauline’s mother embraced her, while Jeannette tossed her pretty head. She endeavoured to conceal her vexation; but her marriage day was the commencement of her matrimonial ill humor.

Several years passed; Edward found to his astonishment that he had really been blind, that his wife was really handsome; and his domestic happiness increased every day. Domestic happiness never made its home with Jeannette. Pauline was surrounded by blooming children. The sisters seldom saw each other; for Pauline lived only for her husband and children, Jeannette for the great world. Here she found sufficient amends for the only true happiness of marriage, as long as her beauty daily attracted new admirers, and as long as her husband’s riches afforded the means of expensive luxuries. But alas! her charms began to tarnish—she grew sickly—the affection of her husband became deadened—his coffers were emptied—poverty introduced discord. They avoided one another—Madam

run in debt—Monsieur gambled away her jewels. They began with complaining and ended with reproaches. At length, one morning Maurice rode away, without taking leave, and was never heard of afterwards.

Poor and helpless Jeannette was forced to seek an asylum with her sister. She was kindly received and treated with the most tender forbearance; but her conscience was not at ease, a violent cough enfeebled her frame, and in her twenty-eight year no trace of her beauty remained. Her mind was soured and embittered so that she was rendered unfit for any domestic joys. The servants of the family trembled before her. If the nurse wished to hush the infant, she had only to say ‘Aunt is coming.’ The larger children, when at play, if they heard her cough at a distance, slipped into some corner, and whispered to one another ‘Aunt is coming.’

Prize Tale from the Casket.

A TALE OF THE OLD COLONY.

BY HARRIET A. ALLYN.

Susan White, was one of the fairest daughters of the Old Colony. Not ‘perfectly beautiful’—she was by no means one of your *perfect* characters. If she had been, I should not have selected her for a heroine, for I could never sketch a portrait for which I had *seen* no original. I shall not describe her features. Expression was their greatest beauty, and that expression was ever varying. Even when her thoughts were not expressed by words, one might trace their purport in her countenance, over which joy and sadness flitted as rapidly as sunlight and shadow over a clear lake on an April day. To say, in the accustomed phrase, that she had known ‘better days,’ would be saying falsely. She had never known happier. But one might easily see her education was above what fell to the lot of girls in general sixty years ago. It would not be understood a ‘finished education.’ She knew nothing of French, painting, sonnetizing, and boarding school accomplishments; nor had she ever learned music. But she sang—and her’s was the music of the heart, not hand. With no master but nature, no rules but those of taste, it was like the carol of the spring robin—light, free and joyous—the language of a heart too happy to express itself in mere words. Often, as old Matthew White sat by his twilight fire, depressed in spirit and tired with a hard day’s toil, her merry tones, as she tripped around the house, singing catches of the tunes that had been familiar to him in his youth, would, even while they cheered him, draw tears to his eyes, little used as they were to weeping. By the way, there is something peculiarly touching in those old songs, when sung by one who truly enters into the spirit of the composer. To me there is a charm even in the lameness and oddity of the rhymes—a carelessness about most of them, that insensibly transports me back to the harmless freedom and hilarity of the moon-

light husking scene; to the shrewd insinuations and merriment of the quilting party. And in those that so boldly utter forth anathemas against royalty and oppression, you may trace the same feelings which more excited, supported by act, what the free heart suggested in song. We rarely hear them now, save from some voice whose broken energy reminds us that the few in whose memories they are still treasured, must soon pass away—their songs, their pleasures, themselves, alike forgotten. Never was voice better adapted to them than Susan's; and this rude poetry was to her what the sweet and heart-felt effusions of Burns, and the passionate imaginings of Byron, would have been at a later day. Under a father's care, she had received the greatest benefit of wealth—an useful education: and though his death deprived her of that care and a home, when only twelve years old, she still continued to improve herself in the studies she had commenced, but which at that time were deemed unnecessary for girls like her, and did not enter into the requisites of common school education.

The change of situation from the elegance of her native home, to the unpolished family of her uncle, a comfortable farmer, for a while checked her gay bursts of laughter. But the weight must have been great indeed that could for any length of time have repressed spirits as elastic as hers.—Left a pennyless orphan, she had been received even as a child. She knew that it must be her home, and her laugh soon echoed through the sedate looking dwelling of her uncle, light as ever.—There was a refinement in her mind and manners that distinguished her from the homespun, though not less amiable, daughters of the neighborhood; and in her uncle's house, she seemed like a flower that chance had planted in a wilderness. It was her nature to love whatever around her had aught in it that could be loved, and of course to wish for a return. She saw that, to be loved, she must be useful, and she soon initiated herself into most of the mysteries of housekeeping.—Beside her actual usefulness, she was ever at hand to perform those trifling offices of kindness and love which win the affections more than greater benefits, and to smoothe those little roughnesses that will occur in every family. If her aunt could not thread her needle, or her uncle needed a dry pair of stockings or coat, or either of the five sons had a stock to be folded or clothing to be dashed, Susan was ever ready to do it. Of all these services, none were performed with a sweeter smile or greater alacrity than those for Henry, the second son, a youth of her own age. His constitution, less robust than his brothers, did not admit of his sharing in their harder labors, and consequently a great part of his time was passed within doors. As is generally the case, it had imparted a feminine delicacy to his manners, and softened without degrading into effeminacy the manly traits of his character. During the first two years he

was her almost constant companion. If she rambled over the fields in search of berries, he was her pioneer and assistant; and when he returned from a fishing or gunning excursion, she was the first to meet him at the door to inquire of his success, and listen with interest to all the mishaps and little adventures of the day. For her were procured the most curious and beautiful sea-shells, and for her reserved the finest peach-plumbs and the fairest fruit.

It was at this time that Mr. White, after long consultation with his wife, ‘as Henry was good for nothing else,’ resolved to give him a liberal education. He commenced the study of the languages with the minister, and after due time was pronounced ‘fit for college.’ His studies had opened a new source of pleasure, and it had been his delight to communicate to Susan whatever he found amusing or instructive, and now and then to cheer a winter evening by reading to her the old novel or poem that chance threw in his way. These were happy days to both; but as time wore on, Susan began to think that, though he was her cousin, her unreserved manners and sisterly fondness towards him were very improper. She also found out that it was very indecent for her to sit in the large arm chair with him, when want of room round the fire forced them to close quarters; or to allow him to arrange her long dark tresses, as he often playfully did. She grew reserved—said less—blushed more—and became a great deal more thoughtful. These were odd symptoms, to be sure, and Susan never once dreamed of the disease they belonged to. Hey dears! Girls now-a-days are not so ignorant, thanks to the present system of education. Henry loved her as a sister, he thought—he never had a sister, or perhaps he would have discovered a difference in the sentiments. The time came for him to leave home. She tried to be cheerful—but, despite her endeavors, a tear would often fall upon the linen she was carefully folding in his trunk. He went; and never was day so long to Susan White as that succeeding his departure. She went through her accustomed round of duties—but many were the mistakes and disasters of that day. Things were put in the wrong place and Mrs. White's large pewter platter, that bore the initials of no less than three generations, was accidentally thrown down, by which it received a most disfiguring dent, to the no small lamentation of the good lady, who venerated this heirloom as deeply as the gentry across the water do the swords of their titled ancestors. She sang little; and at night, when they gathered round the fire, and her eye rested on his vacant place, she felt for the first time how dreary the world would be without him. Her dejection passed unnoticed. None knew how often the old family clock, as it struck twelve, found her waking. None knew how violently her heart palpitated while her uncle was reading his first letter, nor how often she read it when left to herself.

Years passed away. Henry's collegiate and professional education was finished. The lively, interesting boy, had changed into the noble, fascinating young man, no less charming in the eyes of Susan. It is almost needless to say that, in that space of parting sorrows, absent regrets and blissful meetings, he had discovered there is a friend dearer than a sister, and breathed his discovery to her; and when he left his native town, to seek fame, wealth, and home, in the wide world, it was with the promise that, when found, she would share it with him.

(Concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

HAVING THE ADVANTAGE.

Tom Hobbs was a queer fellow in his day, and lived in a place called Squam, somewhere on Cape Ann. Tom would drink like a fish, and when he had taken his fifth glass of a morning, no man possessed more shrewdness. When in this condition and in his happiest mood, Tom, one morning, met a gentleman on horseback, whom he had never put eyes on before. As is customary in the country, Tom immediately accosted him.

"Ah! here you are, my good fellow, how d'ye do? Upon my honour, it does my heart good once more. How's your family, and the old woman, we hav'n't seen her this long time; when is she coming down to see my wife?"

"I am quite well, I thank you," said the gentleman, "but indeed, sir, you have the advantage!"

"Advantage! my good fellow, what advantage?" inquired Tom. "Why, really sir, I beg your pardon," replied the gentleman, "but I do not know you!"

"Know me!" exclaimed Tom, "well I don't know you—where in the deuce is the advantage."

Anecdote.—The day after the battle of Stonington, several British officers were invited on shore to dine. While at dinner, a lady, sitting next to one of the officers, asked him to explain to her the flags of different nations that decorated the room. After telling her to what nation several of them belonged, he pointed to the 'Star Spangled Banner,' and said, with a sneer, that is what we call the *Gridiron*. I presume so, sir, said the lady, with quickness, by the *broiling* you had upon it yesterday.

Too big a Booh.—A man being about to purchase a young horse, was fearful he might prove skittish, as the phrase is and in order to test his steadiness, or strength of nerve, directed his boy to go a little way off, behind the next corner, and he would ride the colt down opposite to him, when the boy should start suddenly out and cry 'booh!' and if the colt could stand that, it would be proof enough of his being firm and well broke. The boy took his station, and the man mounted and

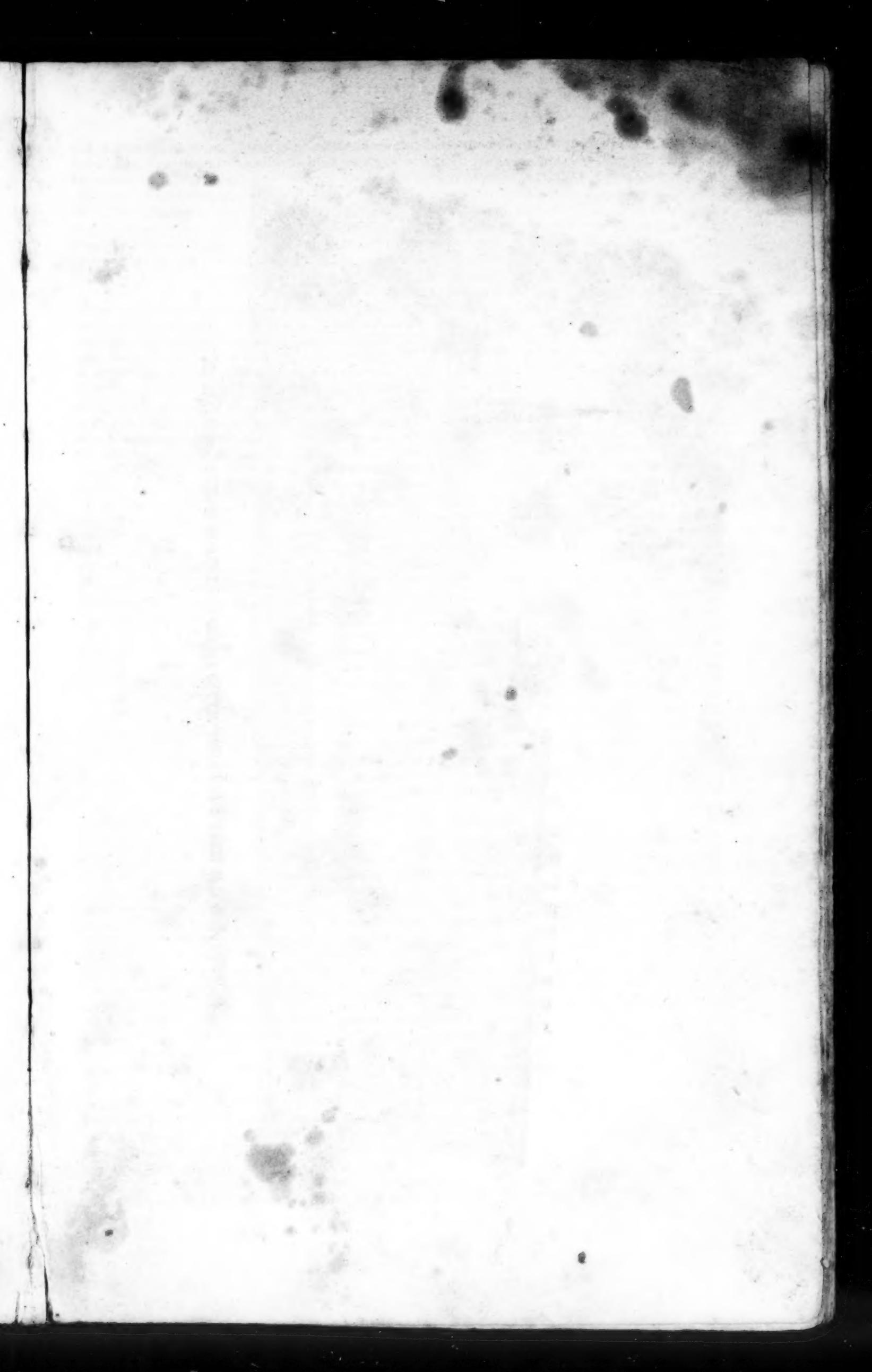
rode along; but when he came opposite the corner, and the boy jumped out and cried 'booh,' the colt threw him off. The rider picked himself up soon, however, and rubbing his shoulders and shins, asked the boy what he did so far. 'Why, father,' said the boy, 'you told me to say booh.' 'Yes,' said the old man, 'but there was no need of saying such a *big booh* to such a little horse.'

Original Anecdote.—Some eight or ten years ago, there lived near the Log Jail, in the State of New-Jersey, a personage who became very eminent in the military line after he was elected to the office of Major. On the morning of the regimental parade, (being the next after his election) the sun rose as usual, and nature seemed to have lost none of her attributes, when the new-made Major determined to exercise a little, previously to associating with his superior officers. He accordingly mounted his own *stoop*, and with all the consequence of a man in power drew his sword and exclaimed, 'Attention the whole!—Rear rank take distance three paces back!' He immediately stepped back and tumbled down cellar. His wife ran from the kitchen, and cried out 'My dear, have you killed yourself?' 'Go into the house, woman,' said he, 'what do you know about WAR?'

Up and Down.—A gentleman going home one night, rather late, saw a man on the ground with another on him, beating him violently. Upon this he remonstrated with the upper man, telling him his conduct was unfair, and that he ought to let his opponent get up and have an equal chance with him. The fellow looked the gentleman in the face and drily remarked. 'Faith, Sir, if you had been at as much trouble to get him down as I have, you would not be for letting him up so readily.'

Amusing Accident.—An amusing accident took place last week in a village not a hundred miles off.—Two negroes employed by a farmer, were sent to the barn to work, where they found a large Steel Trap which had been set some time previous for rats. Not knowing the use of the trap, they began to examine it:—What's he for? Cuff! asked Sambo. 'Don't know, ony habe got teet all round—guess he'm patent curry-comb, from looks,' said Cuff—'Golly, gosh! I guess not,' exclaimed Sambo, 'see how like the debbel he bite, cause you call im wrong name.' The trap unfortunately springing at the instant, and nearly severing off two of poor Sambo's fingers.

Quid Proquo.—Judge R. when president of the court of common pleas for the county of Philadelphia, was one day asked by Mr. B. a member of the bar, whether the court would set the next day. 'Sit, Mr. B.' the judge replied, 'not set; hens set.' Soon after in a case in which the same lawyer was concerned,





A VIEW OF A SECTION OF ANY AND MASSAU STREETS, N.Y.

judge R. observed, that an action would not lay in that case. 'Lie, your honour,' retorted Mr. B. 'not lay; hens lay.'

An eternal separation.—An English lady lately divorced from her husband, went over to France and turned Catholic, in order, she said, that she might not again be in his company, either in this world or the next.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1831.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

The view, which accompanies this paper, is a striking sketch of that portion of the City of New-York presented by the lofty buildings recently erected at the corner of Ann and Nassau streets. A cluster of mean dwellings and shops offensive to the eye, formerly occupied the site which now, enlivened by the resort of busy throngs, hourly evinces the increasing prosperity of the metropolis. To the left on Ann Street are seen the Franklin buildings occupied by Messrs. James Conner and Charles Starr as offices, stores, &c. To the right is Nassau Street. Next to the Franklin Buildings are three dwellings of ordinary size, finely relieved by the spacious building of the 'American Bible Society.' To this succeeds a vacant lot, soon to be improved; next follows the magnificent structure, just finished, and intended for the use of scientific, literary and commercial institutions called 'Clinton Hall.' Beyond this are seen a part of the church yard and prayer-room of the Brick Meeting House the spire of which rises above the hall last named. The back ground is occupied by a distant view of the Public School House, in Chatham Street and a small section of the Park, together with the Jail.

VOLUME EIGHT

OF THE

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On commencing a new volume the publisher pledges himself to his patrons that his unremitting endeavours shall be exerted to meet their expectations. The Repository will continue to be conducted on the same plan and afforded at the same convenient rate, which he has reason to believe has hitherto given it so wide a circulation; and such a durable and flattering popularity as has rendered it a favourite and amusing visitor during the seven years of its publication. As its correspondents are daily increasing and several highly talented individuals with the benefit of whose literary labours he has not heretofore been favoured, and whose writings would reflect honour upon any periodical, have engaged to contribute to its columns, he flatters himself that their communications and the prizes offered below, together with the best periodicals of the day, with which he is regularly supplied, will furnish him with ample materials for enlivening its pages with that variety expected in works of this nature.

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LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The publisher of the RURAL REPOSITORY desirous of presenting his patrons with original matter worthy the extensive patronage hitherto received, of encouraging literary talent and of exciting a spirit of emulation among his old correspondents, and others who are in the habit of writing for the various periodicals of the day, is induced to offer the following Premiums, which he flatters himself they will consider deserving of their notice.

For the best ORIGINAL TALE (to occupy not less than three pages of the Repository) \$20.

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Communications intended for the prizes must be directed (*post paid*) to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. and forwarded previous to the first of July next—each enclosing a sealed envelope of the name and residence of the writer, which will not be opened, except attached to a piece entitled to one of the prizes. The merits of the pieces will be determined by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen selected for the purpose. The money offered above will be transmitted to the successful competitors by mail, and the books sent to New-York, Albany, Troy, or Hartford, free of expense, and left at any place in either of those cities, they may designate, subject to their respective orders.

CONDITIONS.

The Rural Repository will be published every other Saturday, on Super Royal paper of a superior quality, and will contain twenty-six numbers, of eight pages each, besides four plates, a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole, 212 pages, Octavo. It shall be printed in handsome style, on a good and fair type, making a neat and tasteful volume at the end of the year, containing matter, that will be instructive and profitable for youth in future years.

The Eighth Volume (Fourth Volume New Series) will commence on the 4th of June next, at the low rate of One Dollar per annum, payable in all cases in advance. Those who will forward us Five Dollars free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person who will remit us Sixteen Dollars, shall receive twenty copies for one year—reducing the price to Eighty Cents per volume; and any person who will remit Twenty Dollars, shall receive Twenty Five copies and a set of *Sturm's Reflections* for every Day in the year, handsomely bound. All the previous volumes, except the first and second, will be furnished to those who obtain subscribers, at the same rate. No subscription received for less than one year.

Names of the Subscribers with the amount of the subscriptions to be sent by the 15th of June, or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, William B. Stoddard, corner of Warren and Third-Streets, Hudson, N. Y.

Editors, who will give the above a few insertions, shall receive the third or the sixth volume, as a compensation, and the next in exchange; those, who consider the whole too long for insertion, and wish to exchange only, are respectfully requested to publish the part relating to premiums, give the rest at least a passing notice, and receive Subscriptions.

SUMMARY.

The annual revenue collected at the port of New-York for the last five years has averaged about thirteen millions and a half of dollars—being more than one half of the duties collected in the whole United States.

In Paris, the funeral of Benjamin Constant, member of the Chamber of Deputies, and a distinguished friend of Liberty, was attended, it is said, by 200,000 persons. La Fayette delivered an elegy over his grave:

The North Carolina house of commons have passed a bill to exempt a debtor's house, barn, out-houses, and 60 acres of land, from liability of all attachment and sale on execution! It was carried by the casting vote.

Amelia Opie is at Paris, and a constant visitor at the 'soirees' of General Lafayette, where this celebrated female always appears in the simple garb of a rigid Quakeress, forming a striking contrast to the gay attire of the Parisian ladies.

MARRIED,

In this city, on Monday, the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Ransom J. King, of the firm of Ferris & King, to Miss Mary Porter.

On Thursday evening the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. William Mann, of England, to Miss Eliza, eldest daughter of Mr. Cornelius Murgatroyd, of this city.

At Claverack, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter. Mr. William Pierce, to Miss Magdalena, daughter of Abraham T. Van Deusen.

At Barrington, Dutchess county, on the 16th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Holmes, Mr. George Rossman, of Livingston, to Miss Joanna Forrest.

At North East, on the 17th ult. by the Rev. Thomas Winter, Mr. Abner Brown, to Miss Sally Winchell, daughter of Mr. Philo M. Winchell.

At Hillsdale, on the 12th ult. by the Rev. H. Truesdell, Mr. Isaac G. Northway, Esq. of Sullivan, Madison co. to Mrs. Abigail Esmond, widow of Doctor John Esmond, and daughter of Mr. Parla Foster.

On the 20th ult. at the same place, by the Rev. Arnold Schofield, Mr. Seymour Foster, son of Mr. Parla Foster, to Miss Sarah M. Truesdell, only daughter of the Rev. H. Truesdell.

In Chatham, on the 17th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Roberts, Mr. Caleb Green, of Greenville, Greene Co. to Miss Ann Eliza Winans, of the former place.

DIED,

In this city, on the 24th ult. Mrs. Maria Monell, aged 49 years, wife of Joseph D. Monell, Esq.

On the 2d ult. Mrs. Magdalene Burrough, aged 54 years.

On the 27th ult. Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Conklin Terry, in the 4th year of her age.

On the 3d inst. John James, son of William Wagener, aged 22 years, after a long and distressing illness of seven months.

On the 31st of January last, Mrs. Sally Beecher, wife of Charles Beecher, aged 29 years.

At Ghent, on the 15th ult. Elizabeth daughter of Doct. Levi B. Skinner, aged 11 months and 21 days.

At his residence in Chatham, on the 21st ult. Capt. Uriel Coffin, formerly of Nantucket, Mass. aged 61 years.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

SOCIAL ADMIRATION.

What sound will cheer the lonely heart,
And keep aloof despair,
When horror thrusts the wanton dart
To poison every care?
'Tis sweet pervading harmony
That wakes upon the lyre,
And dances o'er my memory
In sounds that I admire.
When shades of twilight intervene,
Hesperus springs to view,
Till even's mild aspiring queen
More graceful tales renew.
This sweet ecstatic euphony,
A theme that will inspire
To swell responding symphony
In sounds that I admire.
When the orient beams of morn
Streak the cerulean arch,
Aurora's hues will soon adorn
The aspect on her march,
Displaying gems of mystery
Upon the lofty spire:
This star in the immensity
Portrays what I admire.
Would fresco by yon mountain's base,
An archetype of bliss,
Wing into life a softer grace,
A milder form than this?
When nature's graceful livery,
In twilight shades conspire,
And urge a theme for poesy,
To paint what I admire.
Thus when the upright, honest heart,
With reverential grace,
Bows with respect when hopes depart
And fortune goes apace.
Then will my haleyon days of chivalry
Be blended in attire;
No gaudy dress nor hec tick rivalry,
Will crown what I admire.

WILDER.

From Williams' Monthly Magazine.

And they who took the disease died suddenly; and immediately their bodies became covered with spots, and they were hurried to the grave without delay. And the men who bore the corpse, as they went their way, cried with a loud voice—'Room for the dead!—and whosoever heard the cry fled from the sound thereof with fear and trembling.

'Room for the dead!' a cry went forth—
'A grave—a grave prepare!'
The solemn words rose fearfully
Up through the still air.
'Room for the dead!—and a corse was borne
And laid within the pit,
But a mother's voice was sadly heard—
And a breaking heart was in each word—
'Oh! bury him not yet.'
The mother knelt beside the grave,
And prayed to see her son.
'Twas death to stop—but by her prayers
The wretched boon was won.
And they raised the coffin from the pit,
And then afar they fled;
For the once fair face was spotted now—
But the mother pressed the dead child's brow
And a faint voice said—

'Nor plagues nor spot shall binder me

From kissing thee, lost one!

For what alas! is life or death

Since thou art gone my son?

And she bent and kissed the livid brow

While tearless was her eye—

Then her voice rang wildly in the air—

'Widow and childless!—God! is there

Aught left me but—to die?'

The words were said—when there uprose

A low and stifled moan;

Then all were still, the spirit of

That stricken one had flown!

* * * * *

They lengthened the grave, and side by side

Mother and son were laid;

No mourning train to the grave went forth,

Nor prayers were said as they heaped the earth

Above the silent dead!

From the Baltimore Minerva.

A CHAPTER ON FOOLS.

I saw a man some years ago

Who built his house upon

The frozen bosom of a lake

Beneath a winter's sun,

Thought I, that man's a noble fool,

But greater fool is he

Who puts his faith in woman's love,

And lauds her constancy.

I saw a youth once take a spade,

And labour all the day

In throwing sunshine in the shade

Upon a stack of hay,

Thought I, that youth's a noble fool,

But greater fool is he

Who thinks he'll do his stomach good

By drinking constantly.

A man, I've often heard it told,

When I stood on boy's legs,

Once killed a noble goose to get

At all her golden eggs.

Thought I, he was a monstrous fool,

But greater fool is he

Who stakes his little all for one

Chance in a lottery.

I saw a maid once put her thumb

Upon a red hot coal,

To see if it would burn or no,

It did—upon my soul!

Thought I, that maid's a noble fool,

But greater fool is she

Who once could think of marrying

So great a fool as me.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.

PUZZLE II.—Bull-finch.

PUZZLE III.—Nothing.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

The half of a dome, and a flat piece of wood,
Contains a variety, useful and good.

II.

Why is a codfish like an umbrella?

RURAL REPOSITORY,

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All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive
attention.